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Carolus-Duran looks up to Velasquez as his one human teacher; among English-speaking peoples, a Whistler, a Sargent, and the most gifted of the Glasgow portraitists are eagerly following in his line of thought.

As an instance of the close alliance between his work and that of all those who are to-day striving after a simpler, a more direct art, I may mention his "Adoration of the Shepherds," an early and no doubt unsatisfactory canvas; and yet herein Velasquez has accidentally accomplished all that Newlyn has tried to do of malice prepense.



VELASQUEZ, whose Infantas, clad in inæsthetic hoops, are, as works of Art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles.**

From the sunny morning, when, with her glorious Greek relenting, she (Art) yielded up the secret of repeated line, as, with his hand in hers, together they marked in marble, the measured rhyme of lovely limb and draperies flowing in unison, to the day when she dipped the Spaniard's brush in light and air, and made his people live within their frames, and stand upon their legs, that all nobility and sweetness, and tenderness and magnificence should be theirs by right, ages had gone by, and few had been her choice.

Countless, indeed, the horde of pretenders! But she knew them not. A teeming, seething, busy mass, whose virtue was industry, and whose industry was vice.**

And again to the West, that her next lover may bring together the Gallery at Madrid, and show to the world how the Master towers above all; and in their intimacy they revel, he and she, in this knowledge; and he knows the happiness untasted by other mortals.

WHISTLER

Book Review: "A History of Modern Painting," by Richard Muther



MUTHER starts modern art at the end of the eighteenth century with Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. After a résumé of the general principles and direction of the history up to that time he lays the heritage upon Hogarth, with also the responsibility of moral teaching, which in that age was part of the artist's business. Realism and portraiture was the attitude of art, which, passing from Hogarth to Reynolds and Gainsborough, became naturalism and portraiture of a more spiritual order. The early English school started originally because of the patriotic, local sense of the English people which expelled foreign influences, and it in time impressed itself upon the art of the continent according to that succession of influences which always allows precedence to the strongly original.

THROUGH the course of his history Muther traces an intimate relation between painting and the movements of literature, leaning the former on almost every whim of the latter. But he feels this beholdance to the prevalences of the time a movement that has vitally affected the progress of art, rather than a mere personal submission to the unfavorable retrogressive influence of

The History of Modern Painting. By Richard Muther, Professor of Art History at the University of Breslau. Late Keeper of Prints at the Munich Pinakothak. Three volumes. New York, Macmillan & Company. Price, bound in cloth, gilt top, Twenty Dollars.

the age. One department of thought announced conservatism and was imitated by a certain element in another department who mistook it for truth. But that was all through the impressionability of some few personal minds, and it rather tended to free the career of real art from false literary alliance. And Muther laments the return to classicism at the eighteenth century's end, seeing it a specific hindrance to development. But the antique is the unfailing resource of those who have failed to see Nature, or who have no message of their own. It is the alternative of the conventional when originality fails, and is always the least to be feared of any retrogression, for repetition is tame and harmless and apparent. It is the constructive backsliding that carries more evil of influence by its false appearance which may be mistaken for truth.

Though nothing new or vital was done in the period of classical revival on the continent, and though the dissemination of it enchaind the nation in traditions, it was responsible for the splendid work of the Romanticists, those artists who have watched the old errors, reflected, and then, roused to supreme disgust, have wrenched themselves away to the new, which they had not done so spontaneously without the period of decay.

THE most interesting chapter in the development of modern painting is the transition into romanticism, thence to impressionism, and from that liberty to idealism. And here is where Muther's philosophy of the psychological dependence of painting comes most into evidence. This is the place where the psychology of modern times comes into art, whether it got there by reflection or by its own progressive fate. And this change is the point of the signifi-

cance of art as it is now. The Romanticists were the opposite of the classicists, and as all new movements retain some working principle of the old, these were connected by the estrangement of contemporary life as subject matter. Then, to save modern painting from too much allegiance to another age, the draughtsmen on Punch and the *Fliegende Blätter*, Du Maurier, Doré, Grévin, arrived, making vigorous cartoons of passing life. Then the genre painters, Wilkie, Chas. Leslie, Frith, discovered the beauty of their contemporary peasants. Thus, taking up modern life, the spell of the dead past was broken, but still adhering to the old color traditions, opportunity existed for the inevitable rectification, which came violently with the impressionists. Manet was the individual who first pointed the way, followed by Degas, Renoir, Pissaro, Sisley and Monet. Then, upon impressionism's freeing men from constrained reality and permitting the testimony of one artist's eyes to stand, another group of painters made bold to compare their inward impressions, which erected the school of idealists, with its personalities of Rossetti and Whistler, Chavannes, Cazin.

IN dealing with a hundred schools historically, which is to say psychologically, where the historian must necessarily but use his opinion and forget it, it may be remarked that Muther is curiously free from biased judgment. If his sympathies make one school more right than another, the proof of survival has defended him. The causes that he gives and the genealogy that he traces for the movements are as singularly right as any one person could give. When the most important part of the history, our own phase of seeing, is strongly given and foretold, there is little that can be said adversely,

for the past changes continually as the present, and the future can only be reckoned by its symbols.

WE naturally look with greater interest to the treatment of the newer schools which have not before been signed in history, and the shelving of the foremost men who have carried the schools on their shoulders. The fineness of the historian's task is in passing over the joints of history.

The impressionists, Mr. Muther is satisfied, bring about the desideratum of a century — new thought and ways. However, he hopes for more harmony and less mixture in the latter's methods. Chavannes, "the eternally young," he confidently places as the creator of the most monumental work achieved in the last thirty years. His estimate is that, "Chavannes is not a virtuoso in technique, for a Frenchman, indeed he is clumsy, and it is possible that a later day may not reckon him among the great painters. But what it can never forget is that after a period of lengthy aberrations he restored decorative art in general to its proper vocation."

Carrière, the painter of mystery, madonnas and children, is delicately appreciated, and Besnard, his realistic opposite, is insinuated to be more happy than Monet in obtaining the spiritual element in his wrenching of the lurid problems of light.

Zorn, as could not be otherwise, is ranked at the head of Swedish painters, and is rated with Cazin in his bathing scenes, and with Besnard in his out-of-door effects. In short, a conjuror who can do anything that he wishes.

THE chapter of testimony to the Japanese art is one of the weak places in the book, because it is out of proportion to the significance of the subject. Mr. Muther evidently has relied entirely

upon extracts of opinion. He savors very much of Louis Gonse's "L'Art Japonais," and the illustrations are not the most representative of the nineteenth century art in Japan. A summary by general platitude is given of the influence and nationality of that exquisite art, with omitting all the detail in which alone its understanding lies. He simply deals it a clout. To call it sensuous sentiment and to compliment its objective dexterity, without esteeming the fugitive spirit of esoteric Japan, is in a word, to confess oneself occidental.

HIS stupendous work of Richard Muther's has entirety, and the real historical gift of selecting the past and appreciating the present, while prophesying the future. J. P. B.

Addendum

IT may be interesting to note particularly what Muther says by way of criticism and appreciation of one of the modern painters illustrated in this issue of Modern Art — Claude Monet. While acknowledging Monet as one of the leaders in "the battle for the liberation of modern art . . . who have left art enriched by an opulence of new beauties," he seems to me to treat him too much as a pioneer, and too little as a creative artist. Blinded by his sunshine pictures, his "light, color and moving life," he forgets his exquisitely poetic — if the word must be used — work like the wonderful series of studies of Rouen Cathedral, impressions of that beautiful, strongly delicate mass at all hours and in all lights, dusk as well as dawn, all marvelously suggestive and giving with deep feeling the true spirit of the architecture. One feels that this is what the master architect dreamed that Rouen would be.

He speaks too exclusively of his pictures dealing with problems of strong light, even going to the extent of claiming that "carouses of sunshine and orgies in light are the exclusive material of his pictures." That this is not so, all who have seen any number of Monet's paintings should admit. A gentleman in New York has eighty examples of Monet, and though I have seen but a part of his collection, their range of subject and variety of treatment is not to be denied. His studies of fogs, subtle and intangible, the objects in them only becoming visible slowly, just as houses and figures do in a fog after one's eyes become accustomed to the density of the atmosphere, are alone enough to acquit him of this charge, even though it is not a serious one.

Muther's appreciation of the light paintings is enthusiastic enough, as he acknowledges the "audacity and genius"—he should have written the latter word first—with which he records these "fleeting moments" of the "blinding glory of light," exclaiming that upon many of these canvases, "saturated with light," daring attempts to record the most brilliant and elusive "transitory phenomena of nature" he could "inscribe the name Turner."

But a curious effect that Monet has upon him, and apparently not an agreeable one, is that "man has no existence" to Monet, as shown by his paintings, "only earth and light," and that Monet's world is "an inhospitable dwelling, where it is impossible to dream and live." He finally exclaims, "Claude Monet is only an eye!" As to this, what can one say? It is the purely personal effect of one man upon another, and not to be argued about; but, as long as, to mention no others, the memory of the fog and the Rouen pictures exist, I will not believe him.

Thoughts on the Art of Home and Hearth. By Mary Pander Robinson



WHEN men do not love their hearths nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonored both"—and again—"I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins"—so writes Ruskin in the "Lamp of Memory," and we, who are living in the age of apartment houses or flats, know that the meaning of the words Home and Hearth is in danger of becoming obsolete.



PATRIOTISM and children, synonymous to the above, are in the same precarious condition. Who would die fighting for an apartment house, and what can be expected from children whose remembrance of home is an incubator?



AS for ancestors, who ever dreamed of people living in flats having them? There is not room enough as it is for the living, let alone those mysterious old-time bandboxes, gayly beflowered without, sedate and peaceful within; the little black trunk full of faded and yellow letters with their great red seals; the large and heavy chests, fragrant with rosemary and lavender, containing the baptismal and bridal robes of more than one generation. Think what an heritage such an attic is—how one can sit beneath its sloping eaves and watch the light struggle through its low